

Those Winchester's are Losers by AmeliaDoo

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Summary:

What if Sam and Dean were a part of the losers club? This is a crossover fanfiction where Sam and Dean move to Derry in the fall of 1988. The summer of 1989 Pennywise come around but now Sam and Dean help kill the clown. 27 years later they will come back to fight the clown again

1. Chapter 1

Notes for the Chapter:

I have two options on where to take this story. Please read the notes at the bottom and help me decide!!!

Because John moves them around so much Dean and Sam were never consistently knew what they were learning or how much they knew. Before John made Dean start hunting with him Dean was pretty good in school good grades, bright kid. Sam was still young and innocent. He didn't know about the scary world of monsters! Sam wasn't worried about school yet, he was more focused on how to have fun and keep boredom at bay.

So when John moves the boys to Derry, Maine in August on 1988 it's not surprising that Dean is bumped up into the seventh grade at age 11 and Sam was placed in fourth grade at age 7.

The reason they were in Derry was because John had noticed and was following a pattern of supernatural activity. Every 27 years something was taking a bunch of people, mainly kids. John has suspected a ghost that was kill at age 27, maybe a young mother burned at the stake for being a witch or a father who offed his family and then himself. Something bloody and tied to kids. So he took Sam and Dean, most likely for bait although John would never admit to that, and drove to Derry in their Impala. But as soon as that Chevy crossed the town line John's brain got fuzzy. He could remember that he had to enroll the boys into school, the actual grades weren't important, and he had a job. Or maybe he needed to find a job? Everything in his brain was getting sort of scrabbles.

For a job he could start working at the car shop he saw a few lights back over near the gas station in the outskirts of the town. So that's what John did, and Dean, well Dean didn't question it because you're not supposed to question what John says. Sam was just too damn excited that they were finally settling down. That he could make friends and not leave them a week later.

Once John manages to get a job at the auto repair shop he gets a little two bedroom apartment across the hall from the "Marsh" family. There was just a girl with fiery hair and her father that lived there but she was about Dean's age. And while Dean didn't try to talk

to her, Sam had no problems walking up to the Marsh's and introducing himself to the pretty girl across the hall. To say Dean was embarrassed would be an understatement. He was mortified and when Sam pointed back at him and said "that's my big brother Dean! I think you two would be good friends" Dean was contemplating just leaving Sammy locked out of the apartment. Then she smiled, and Dean knew that Sam hadn't ruined all his chances of making a friend someday. So he walked over to his baby brother and his new neighbor.

"As the pip-squeak said I'm Dean Winchester, he's Sammy, and we just moved in here. Sorry if he bothered you at all. What's your name?"

"I'm Beverly Marsh and your brother is so sweet couldn't bother me if he tried."

"Careful there Mrs. Marsh he might just take that as a challenge. Isn't that right Sammy?" Dean said while ruffling up Sam's hair, making little tufts of hair stick out randomly.

"Dean, it's Sam and quit doing that to my hair!" Sam says, while waving Dean's hand away with one hand and trying to flatten what was fluffed with the other. Beverly couldn't hold back a small laugh and a grin as she reached out to help.

"Here let me help you, you can't exactly see what you're doing and you don't want to make that hair situation any worse, right?"

Sam nodded in response tilting his head towards Beverly so she could smooth down his hair. Dean just stood back surveying Beverly, deciding that he liked how she treated Sammy with more respect than most kids their age would give to a 7 year old and if he tried to talk to her more he could probably become friends with her in the future.

Beverly finished smoothing down the last of Sam's hair, smiled at the both of them, and took a step back to see her work. Sam smiled back at her saying "Thanks for the help Beverly Marsh!"

"No problem Sam, you guys can call me Bev if you'd like no need for my last name or anything"

"Alright Bev!"

"We should probably get going Bever- Bev. I'll see you around I guess" and with a wave Dean turned Sam around and started ushering him back to their apartment.

While they did see each other at school, Hell they had Social Studies together not that Dean tried to talk to her or anything. Although on

the first day he wasn't the only one standing at the front of the class being introduced. He looked over at the other new kid, who the teacher called Benjamin Hanscom, and thought "I guess we both will have targets on our backs from that mullet guy."

The teacher introduced Dean and had them sit down right next to each other afterwards. Dean immediately leaned over to actually introduce himself in the best way he knew how, with a little quip.

"It'll be hard to know which one of us is being picked on by that mullet kid since we'll both be the new kid, right?" Ben managed a small smile.

"Yeah I guess your right. As you know I'm Benjamin but my old friends called me Ben."

"Nice to meet you Ben. Sadly I'm just Dean, no nickname for me. So wanna stick together, two is better than one especially when it comes to bullies."

"Yeah, I'd like that."

After school that day Dean near the bike takes so that Ben could grab his bike and they could walk together. They stood their together waiting for Sam to run over from the elementary school that got out fifteen minutes after them. Dean watched at Sam came running out of the building being had dragged along by another little boy who tugged him over to the only other group of kids left in front of the middle school. There was four guys in that group. The young boy gripping Sam ran up to the tallest of the group, they obviously were close, probably brother with how the boy was introducing Sam. To the left was a guy wearing a yarmulke and looked like he was totally done with what the other two members of the group were bickering about behind the tall one who was now talking with Sam and looking at Dean and Ben. The two in the back were a strange sight the shorter had a wrist watch, Fanny pack, and was really to throw hand with the other kid. The other kid had on a pair of glasses that made his eyes seem slightly bigger that was normal for the average human face. The eyes weren't so big that they were comical, but just big enough were you could tell the glasses were magnifying them a tad. The little boy had let go of Sam but had gestured over to Dean and after getting a nod from the tall one followed Sam over to Dean and Ben.

"Hiya Sammy! Whose this?"

"This is my new friend Georgie! He just took me to meet his big brother and his friend so know it's my turn to have him meet you."

"Alright that sounds fair. Hi Georgie!" Dean said with a smile, "I'm Sam's older brother Dean and this is my friend Ben." Glancing over at Ben Dean saw that while he was talking to Georgie Ben was introducing himself to Sam and pretending to look very interested in what Sam was learning about. Dean turned back to Georgie as he spoke.

"Hello! I'm not supposed to talk to strangers so I had to ask Bill if it was okay to talk to you first. He's over there with his friends Stanley, Richie, and Eddie."

"Well that was very smart of you to ask your brother first before talking to strangers. You should never talk to strangers even if they introduce themselves to you, it could be a trick!" Dean had already turned into protective brother in less than a minute of knowing this kid. "Are you walking home with us or did you just want to meet before going with your brother?"

"Well Dean I was hoping that my and Georgie could hang out at our place today. Do you think dad will mind?" Sam bit his lip after asking, looking worried.

"Well Sammy I think Dad will be fine with it, but Georgie, you should probably check with your brother again just to be sure."

"Alright! I'll be right back" and with that Georgie has zipped off back over to Bill and his friends. While he was gone Dean leaned over to Sam and asked

"so whose who?"

"Stan has the little hat, Richie had the glasses, Eddie had the pouch thingy"

"Thanks Sammy. Just for future reference the 'little hat' is a yarmulke and the 'pouch thingy' is a fanny pack okay?"

"Alright thanks Dean!"

With a nod from Dean Sam turned back to see a smiling Georgie sprinting over

"Bill said yes!" While Sam and Georgie eagerly began talking about what they were going to do at Sam's, Dean leaned over to Ben and quietly asked "Hey do you want to come over too? I would like to hang out with you."

"Yeah I'd like that. As long as your place isn't too far from mine!"

And with that two new friendships were born.

It's been about a month since the start of the school year and Dean keeps to himself for the most part. He tries to avoid Henry and his

gang who bully him for being new. And he made friends with the other new kid, Ben. Sweetheart, that's what Ben was, a sweetheart. And also sort of with the girl that Ben totally had a crush on that lived across the hall, Beverly Marsh. And one day when he was walking by the butchers shop in late September he ran directly in to the kid that would be his second real friend. Dean was trying to make a quick get away from Henry and his stupid followers, because while Dean wasn't scared to fight them he knew that one 11 year old versus three eighth graders wouldn't end well for him.

"Aw man I'm so sorry about that," Dean said while bending down to pick up the bike he knocked over. He kept glancing over his shoulder scanning for Bowers when the guy responded.

"It's fine. Why do you keep looking over your shoulder like that?"

"oh this kid Bowers is after me. I have him some sass about how he was to stupid to create actual insults instead of stating facts."

"I know Bowers he doesn't like me much either. Says I don't belong in this town. I'm Mike, Mike Hanlon." Said Mike sticking out the hand that wasn't holding his bike upright.

"Dean. Dean Winchester. I just came here a few weeks ago. How come I haven't seen you at school?" As they spoke they started walking down the street together moving away from the main road into an alley where Henry and his gang wouldn't see them.

"I'm homeschooled. My grandfather has a farm a little ways out of town."

"Wow homeschool, that can't be fun. So who teaches you, your mom?"

"Umm no my parents, they um... they died in a house fire while I was in the next room over. I heard them screaming but I was too young to do anything but I still feel like I should have helped. I never told anyone that before."

"I'm so sorry, man. I get it. Probably more than most. My mom burned alive in my baby brothers nursery when I was 6. I saw her when I ran in to get Sam. I couldn't help her but I could save my little brother and there was no way in Hell I was going to loose him too."

It got quiet then. Both Dean and Mike thinking over what had been said and unsure of what to say next. As they stopped in the alley way Dean turn to Mike and smiled.

"I think we just became friends in the wierdest way possible! That is if you want to be friends."

Mike ginned right back, one hand still on the handle of his bike and the other moved away from his body gesturing for a handshake. Dean moves quickly to grasp it tightly, move his up and down in a sold shake. They both looked at their intertwined hand still smiling.

“Well I’ll see you soon Mike!”

“Probably not until April. Grandpa doesn’t want me biking in the winter months. Says the town in curse. And if it wasn’t for the money we get from the sheep I probably wouldn’t be in town at all.”

“We’ll figure something one! I’m not gonna drift away from one of my first real friends because of some stupid weather or and overly superstitious old man.”

Mike ginned one last time as he swung his right leg over the bike. Looking back and waving at Dean he pedaled off, leaving Dean alone in the alley that would be a lot more important at the start of summer.

Notes for the Chapter:

I don’t really want to kill off Georgie but I’m also unsure of how he’s fit into the narrative since Bill is the one that pushes the Losers to got to the Sewers and fight IT.

Should I keep Georgie and have it so that Dean realizes after Georgie has a close encounter with Pennywise at the end of the school year that there’s something supernatural that he needs help fighting?

Or should I just kill Georgie and have Sam get angry/depressed and help the losers fight Pennywise which then forces Dean to join the fight so he can protect Sammy?

2. Chapter 2

As the school year progressed Dean drifted away from both Mike and Ben. He didn't mean to drift away but with Mike's grandfather not wanting him to bike during the winter months he didn't come into town and Dean never saw him. Ben was hanging out in the library more and more to learn more about the town that he was now technically a part of. Dean started isolating himself, not even trying to get to know the other people that Sam seemed so fond of. Like the pretty girl across the hall, or Georgie's older brother and his friend group.

Sam on the other hand was thriving in this new place. He'd never lived somewhere more than a month or two so he made the best of it. Spending as much of his free time with his best friend Georgie as he could: movies, board games, arcade games, you name it they probably did it at least once. Sam and Georgie were the truest of best friends doing everything together, rain or shine.

So it's not surprising that on a wet day in early May, near the end of the rainy season when it was drizzling pretty hard outside that Georgie convinced Sam to put on his rain boots and meet him outside his house so they could play. Sam was super excited to go play, and ever since they got there John stopped being so weirdly protective of Sam. Dean was still the overbearing big brother but that's what brothers do Sam supposed; Georgie's brother, Bill is the same way: watching over them, asking where they're going, asking what they're going to go do. It was sort of nice to know Sam was still cared for by Dean even if his dad had stopped even noticing when he went out after they got to this town.

Sam slipped on his bright red rain boot, his long blue raincoat, and grabbed his waxy paper boat. He put his hand on the door to leave when Dean called out.

"Hey Sammy where you off to?"

"Georgie's. We're gonna go sail out boats! Bill made two for us a couple months ago! He put our names on them then painted some wax on the boat to make it so they aren't watery."

"The word is 'water-proof' Sammy. So is Bill gonna be there to watch you?"

"No, he got sick. But that's okay 'cause we're staying on Georgie's street."

"Do you want me to come with just in case."

"If you want but I think we'll be okay."

"Alright Kid. Stay safe, both of you!"

"Bye Dean!"

"Bye Sammy."

Sam was almost to Georgie's house, his eyes scanned the street looking for the bright yellow raincoat and green boots Georgie wears whenever it rains. Looking further down the street passed Georgie's house Sam saw Georgie. He started to pick up the pace as he watched Georgie place his boat, the S. S. Georgie, into a little flow of water flowing through the gutter. Sam assumes that Georgie wouldn't started playing without so to see him sailing the boy alone made him a little confused. Unbeknownst to him, Georgie had placed the boat in the gutter under Bill's advice to do so.

While Sam had been walking from his apartment to the Denbrough's house, Georgie and Bill were having a conversation very similar to the one Dean and Sam had.

"Georgie? What are you doing in here? You know I could get you sick if you come into my room. And why do you have your raincoat on?"

"It's alright Bill, I promise I won't blame you even if I do get sick! I'm just in here to grab the SS Georgie really quick I swear. Me and Sam were gonna go sail it in the rain!"

"Sam and I, Georgie and you know we call boats she." Georgie giggles at that.

"Right! She! Sam and I are going to sail the SS Georgie and her best friend the SS Sammy."

"Okay," Bill laughed which quickly became a coughing fit, "you two picked some very creative names. Is Dean going to be watching the two of you?"

"Un, I don't think so..."

"That's alright just stay on our street and out of the middle of the road, okay? Oh, and don't forget to check that the boat's wax seal is still fully intact. You wouldn't want her to spring a leak!"

"Okay Bill! I'll check while I'm waiting for Sam! Bye"

And with that Georgie raced down the stairs, slid on his green boots and buttoned the bright yellow coat closed.

Hopping into a puddle at the end of his driveway Georgie smiled. He studied the fast morning water flowing through the gutters, looked at

his boat, and gently placed it down in the flow. The water immediately swept the boat away, Georgie chased after it, and Sam just caught sight of Georgie as he stood up and turned a corner after slamming head first into a wooden barricade. Sam's pace quickened so he could catch up to Georgie, turning the corner Sam saw Georgie kneeling in front of a sewer drain a couple yards away talking to what looked like a clown. As Sam watched, Georgie reaches his arm into the sewer screamed and reeled back, his arm from just below the shoulder down was gone, blood flowing rapidly out of the wound. Sam watched, frozen in horror as Georgie desperately tried crawling away and the arm of a clown came out from the sewers stretching out an impossible mount and grabbed Georgie's leg.

Georgie shouted as he was dragged back to the sewer, turning his head to the right to avoid getting water into his mouth and that is when he made direct eye contact with Sam. Sam's eyes widened and he lunged forward, hand out as if to grab Georgie. But it was too late, Georgie's last words before being yanked into the sewers was a fear filled shout for Sam. The last thing Sam saw before Georgie completely disappeared from view in the sewer was a clown with sharp teeth grinning at Sam, Georgie still writhing in his grasp. The silence that followed was haunting, and Sam, well Sam ran straight for the sewer drain and started shouting.

"Georgie I'll find you! I promise I'll come looking for you! Just stay alive"

Silence answered.